



Halloween: A Reddie Fic by A. Michael

Category: IT

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

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Chapters: 2

Words: 5,005

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Summary: Months after Pennywise's defeat the losers go trick-or-treating one last time. However, with scares rampant they will have to face even more fears due to trauma of the event. It is especially difficult for Eddie Kaspbrack who continues to have nightmares about his friend and lover Richie Tozier. Sequel to previous Reddie fic. A bit of gore. Possible sexual content. FIXED NOW

1. A Nightmare

Blood.

Not his own, but Richie's. Staining his hands like a potent dye. He could taste it, smell it, feel its sticky warmth mat his clothes. It was something he was never supposed to see. Richie's blood should never be spilling on to the cold ground as it was. Yet here they were, in a damp sewer alone.

Eddie put his head between his knees, trying to sort his thoughts out to make some sense. That was the only way he figured he could win over his fear. Yet, as Eddie heard Richie's gargling gasps, the teen remained petrified. He ached to go to him, to hold him, to promise him it'd be alright. But he couldn't.

The smell.

A strong iron scent, mixed with rotting bodies from the creature's previous feasts. Disgusting, revolting, gut-wrenching. It was unfair, unfair that Richie Tozier had to die this way. Left to rot there with the rest of the nameless children. Rotting away with the creature itself. But what could Eddie do? He was just as stuck as Richie.

The sound.

The choking. That awful sound of Richie sputtering on his own blood as it clogged his throat. Drowning in his own body. Eddie could hear him clawing at his throat, trying but failing to release himself from the pain.

The sight.

How awful he looked. His body twisted and broken, bones sticking out of his torn skin. Blood pooling gently across the moist brick with every pointless beat of his struggling heart. The red seeped into his eyes, blotting out the white until it was a pale rose color. The brown irises showing dully against the horrid contrast. His body writhed, trying to escape a fate that Eddie knew was inevitable. He didn't even look human. The male on the floor reminded Eddie of a run-over

rabbit on the road, its neck broken, scrambling for the last thread of life to cling on to. He knew it was only a matter of time.

"E-dd-ie."

His heart had felt like it had dropped out of his body. He felt his own blood leave his face in terror. He knew he would be as white as a ghost if he had a mirror. He looked at the pitiful shell of a creature that his best friend had become. Why shouldn't he go to him? Comfort him in his last moments of need? He couldn't. He would get sick, he would faint, he would-.

"Ed-."

The voice choked again. This time Eddie responded. Every part of his mind begged and screamed to stay still, to not move forward to Richie's side. It was if another force had broken its way into Eddie's body and put him in drive. He was no longer in control, all he could do was sit and watch. As he approached the pitiful, wriggling mass on the floor, he felt a freezing force of dread wash over him like a tidal wave of searing hot oozing black tar.

"Rich-," he began to speak but snapped his mouth shut again as he noticed Richie's leg. It was five feet away from his body, a broken bone stuck out of the bloody pant leg. Eddie felt sick. Richie was so attractive, so beautiful in his own way. *Now look at what's become of him.* His stomach heaved. He needed to go to him, despite all of the protests his mind gave, he knew he had to say goodbye.

He knelt down next to Richie's almost corpse of a body as it jerked rapidly. Eddie felt tears sting his eyes and begin to escape in gentle streams down his cheeks. They fell on Richie's forehead, *one, two, three* like little drops of rain. He stared into the nearly lifeless eyes of his best friend. The once beautiful brown seemed so washed out and distant. But Eddie could still see a small flicker of life, and in that flicker, his heart ached. He could almost taste their future. All of the shared kisses, all of the sweet and quiet moments. All gone.

Eddie gave one last sob as Richie coughed again, and slipped away into a place he couldn't follow. Eddie was all alone now.

Alone.

Eddie broke free from his dream with a jolt. He shot up out of bed with a yelp, his eyes flickering to every corner of his small bedroom. What Eddie was searching for, he couldn't be sure. He could feel his heart beating loud and hard in his ears like an unwavering drum. He felt his breath hitch in his chest as he tried to draw in air. Nothing. He quickly jolted his hand out to his nightstand, groping for the aspirator. He found it, brought it immediately to his mouth, and drew in a sharp gasp of oxygen. His breath was heaving, he felt himself becoming lightheaded, but he didn't want to put his head back to the pillow. He didn't want to surrender to the horrible dreamworld reality. A place that Richie was stolen from him. A place of damp darkness. A place of isolation.

Bright moonlight streamed though his blue curtains, covering his room with a dark lavender hue. He tried to focus on his bedroom. The color of his walls, the shape of his mirror, anything to stop his racing mind. Soon, his head began to clear. It was if a running train had finally slowed to a halt. The chaotic fear drenched state of mind began to vacate as quickly as it had left. But in its place was emptiness. He began to feel solitary, abandoned. It was early, there was no one to comfort him, at least no one who he wanted. He didn't want his mom to come rushing in. He wanted Richie. He craved to squeeze him so tight that it would be *Richie*, who would need the damned aspirator. He wanted to hear the steady rhythm of his beating heart and know that he wasn't going anywhere. But Richie was at home, probably sleeping soundly.

He wrapped his arms around his small torso, desperately wishing they were Richie's instead. Richie's arms always felt the most comforting out of anything else the 15-year-old had experienced. Yet it had only been weeks since the two had finally accepted the chemistry. Now Eddie had only just begun discovering his extreme fondness of Richie. In fact, he found himself more and more excited to see Richie in the halls of his school, and definitely more excited to see Richie when he was invited over. Which meant more time to kiss his lips again and hold his hand. Or cuddle close and smell the sweet smell of his shampoo on his silky black hair. But Richie was not here; his best friend was home. Eddie was alone. His senses were sharp,

rapidly aware of every noise around him. Still, even though nothing seemed to be dangerous, his body would not settle.

The nightmare tugged angrily at the corners of his mind. He tried his best to ignore it as it fought viciously with his desire to sleep. Instead, he thought of Richie and their plans for tomorrow. Eddie glanced over at the clock. *No, not tomorrow, today. 3:43 a.m. It's Halloween.* It was if Eddie was on a fast-paced treadmill. It was already the end of October. It had already been months since that dreadful summer. It had already been weeks since his and Richie's *experiment*.

That's what they had called it, an *experiment*. But Eddie didn't really feel that was the correct term to use anymore. Maybe it was at first, when he was still hesitant about their secret kisses, fighting back the pit in his stomach that claimed what they were doing was awful and wrong. But now, it was something that only seemed reasonable to him. It all happened so quickly. That night he had left Richie's house feeling uneasy and frankly petrified about what would come next. When he woke up the next morning, it was almost as if a light switched had been flicked to *on*. From then on out, there was no secret between the two about how vigorously they desired to be with one another, to kiss, to hold, to *be*. And now, his lips felt lonely. He missed Richie's warm breath as it flooded gently over his lips and tongue. When they were together after that, it became habitual, but never lost its magic. There was not a day that a kiss wasn't included. *Minus that one time*, Eddie remembered.

Richie was acting particularly annoying that day, as they hung out in the Barrens together. Kept making distasteful jokes and being reckless beyond bearability. On that day, Eddie was not feeling inclined to be affectionate with his best friend. Richie, not actually taking offense, made a joke that perhaps Bill would kiss him if Eddie wouldn't. Richie had meant it to be a harmless jest, not even plausible in the slightest. But he second-guessed himself as he watched Eddie ball up his fists tightly. A deep red blush spreading over his cheeks, running along his tensed jaw.

Eddie was not actually angry with Richie often, considering nothing Richie ever said in those moods should ever really be taken to heart. But this time was different. Eddie could not help but imagine Bill in

his place in the attic, watching a movie with Richie. Would Richie make the same move on Bill? Eddie vividly imagined the two of them kissing. *Bill* being the one to make Richie flustered. Not Eddie. He imagined Richie pressing into Bill, his hand under Bill's shirt, more passionate than Eddie's kiss had been. He felt like a teapot about to boil over. He half expected a whistling noise to emerge from his ears.

Richie, noticing the immense change in Eddie's demeanor immediately dropped his humorous tone and held up his hands in surrender. He had apologized for making him upset, but it did no good for a while. But Eddie cooled down eventually. Richie was a bit smug about the reaction Eddie had produced, but at the same time, he was confused. He couldn't figure out why it was that extreme. Richie wasn't *that* impressive. It wasn't like Eddie was losing the best prize he had ever won. Richie was just *Richie*, after all.

But Eddie wouldn't know those thoughts. And he wouldn't have guessed them, not then, and not lying in his bed as he did at that moment, fighting off the nightmare's adverse effects. He sighed heavily, pressing his eyelids shut tightly. *I have to sleep, I have school tomorrow. And Richie will be alive when I wake up...*

2. A Werewolf

p style = "color: #1c1e29; background: transparent; margin-top: 0pt; margin-bottom: 0pt;" span style = "background: transparent; margin-top: 0pt; margin-bottom: 0pt;" data-preserve-spaces = "true"Blood./span/p

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